

# POLICE

SM  
COMICS

## COMICS

MARCH No.52

10¢

**PLASTIC MAN**

combats CRIME  
WITHOUT  
CRIMINALS!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# VOLTO

FROM MARS



HIS STRANGE  
MAGNETIC POWERS  
SAVE HIM FROM  
BEING TORN TO  
BITS BY A  
SAVAGE BEAST...

ON A CAMPING TRIP IN THE  
NORTHWEST...

LOOK!  
BEAR TRACKS!  
AND A MAN'S  
FOOTPRINTS,  
TOO!

WOW! IT'S  
VOLTO... BUT  
HE CAN'T GET  
FREE TO USE  
HIS POWERS.  
I'LL FIX THAT  
BEAR!



SWELL SHOT  
YOU'VE HIT  
THE BEAR!



FREED FROM THE GRIZZLY'S DEATH  
GRIP....

NOW I'LL FINISH  
THIS! WHEN I SAY  
"VOLTO!" MY LEFT  
HAND REPELS!



ON THE WAY BACK TO CAMP ANOTHER  
FEROCIOUS GRIZZLY SEEKS REVENGE  
FOR HIS MATE...

HELP!

THANKS FOR  
HELPING ME  
JOE



O.K., JIMMY!  
STILL HAVE MY  
GOOD RIGHT ARM!  
WHEN I SAY  
"VOLTO!" IT  
ATTRACTS!



BOY  
AM I  
BUSHED!

ME TOO!  
I SURE NEED  
SOME WHOLE-  
GRAIN CEREAL  
TO RECHARGE  
MY MAGNETISM.  
WHERE'S THE  
GRAPE-NUTS  
FLAKES?



BOY, THESE  
GRAPE-NUTS  
FLAKES ARE  
GOOD! AND WE  
NEED THEIR  
WHOLE-GRAIN  
ENERGY!



TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN** ABC NETWORK 4-5 MON. THRU FRI.

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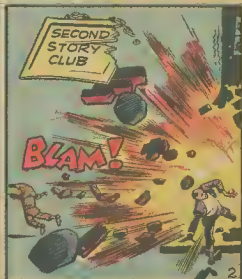
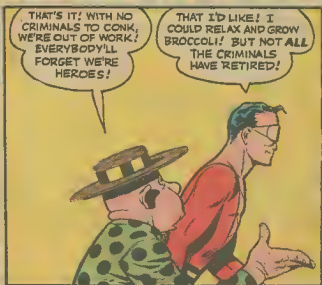
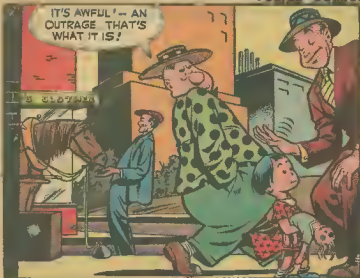
# PLASTIC MAN

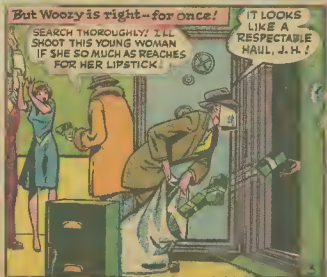
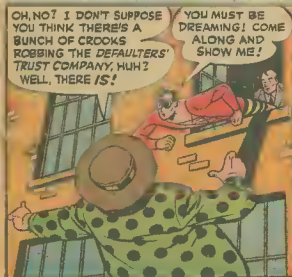
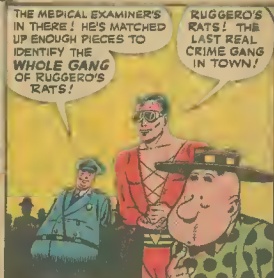
Can't be in  
two places  
at once?

**ARE YOU  
KIDDING?**

*Plastic Man*  
can be  
**EVERYWHERE**  
at once ...  
and usually  
**IS!!!!**







MY WORD! I SEE  
SOMEBODY COMING---  
FAST AND LOOSE AND  
STRETCHY!

PLASTIC MAN,  
NO DOUBT! LET  
HIM COME TO THE  
FRONT DOOR  
WHILE WE GO  
OUT THE  
BACK!

DEVIANT  
TRUST  
CO.

When the news flashes back...

GOT AWAY JUST AS YOU  
REACHED THERE, PLAS?  
KEEP ON THE JOB---  
I'LL GET THE CITY  
POLICE IN!

COMB EVERY DIVE AND  
HIDEOUT FOR THOSE  
CROOKS! WE GOT TO  
MAKE THIS CRIME  
CLEANUP 100  
PERCENT!

The president of the rifled trust company  
reaches his office....

YES, MR. PILBEAM--THEY  
GOT AWAY WITH  
ALL THE CASH!

SOMETHING  
MUST BE DONE!  
SUMMON THE  
REPORTERS!

MY COMPANY IS HARD HIT! BUT I HAVE  
MY PRIVATE FORTUNE! I **JOSHUA  
HARRISON PILBEAM**, PRESIDENT  
OF THE DEFAULTERS' TRUST COMPANY  
WILL PAY **ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND  
DOLLARS** FOR THE ARREST OF  
THOSE SCOUNDRELS!

While the police search...

I FEEL RELIEVED! NO  
SENSE OF DANGER! THE  
POLICE WILL KNOW WHERE  
TO LOOK FOR THAT  
TERRIBLE GANG!

NOT QUITE,  
SIR!

REDUCED  
FOR  
CLEARANCE  
\$25.00

JEWEL



LOOK J. H.!  
EVERY STONE  
PERFECT!

THEY'LL LOOK FOR US--YES!  
BUT NOT HERE! THEY EXPECT  
US TO BE HIDING  
NOT IN ACTION!

OH, BEFORE WE GO  
WHAT IS THIS  
GENTLEMAN  
TRYING TO  
DO?

N-NOthing  
SIR!



?

A BURGLAR  
ALARM?  
PERMIT ME

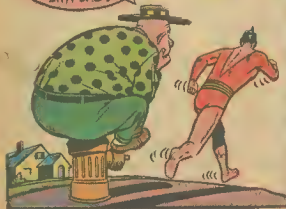


THE POLICE WILL  
BE HERE IN A  
SECOND J. H.!

YES INDEED  
WONDERING  
WHICH TRAIL  
TO FOLLOW  
FIRST.

TWO BIG ROBBERIES  
ONE AFTER ANOTHER--  
MASTER STROKES!  
AND NO LEAD,  
EH, PLAS?

A  
SPLENDID  
ONE!



STOLEN JEWELS MUST BE  
SOLD -- THROUGH A FENCE!  
AND THE ONLY FENCE LEFT  
IN TOWN IS CRADDOCK--  
JUST OUT OF  
JAIL.

LEMME  
COME ALONG,  
PLAS!





But Craddock is in no mood for visitors....

THERE! IT'S A PATENT LOCK—NOBODY ELSE HAS A KEY---



WINDOWS BARRED AND BOLTED—BLINDS DOWN—AND NOW-----



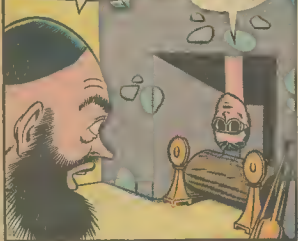
AHHHH! WHAT A TREASURE EVEN AT THE PRICE I PAID!

YOOHOO! CRADDOCK!



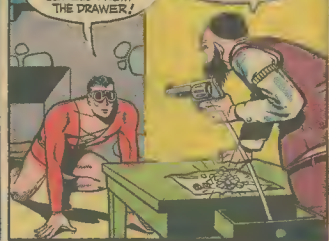
WHO'S THAT COMING DOWN THE CHIMNEY?

IT ISN'T SANTA CLAUS!



I WATCHED YOU TAKE THOSE STOLEN JEWELS FROM THE DRAWER!

DID YOU ALSO SEE THIS?



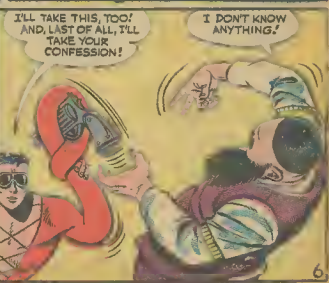
TAKE THAT--AND THAT---

I'LL TAKE NO LEAD! ONLY THESE GEWGANS FOR EVIDENCE!



I'LL TAKE THIS, TOO! AND, LAST OF ALL, I'LL TAKE YOUR CONFESSION!

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING!



YOU MEAN YOU'LL  
BRAZEN IT OUT? EVEN  
THOUGH I FOUND  
THE JEWELS IN  
YOUR POSSESSION?

I'LL ADMIT I  
BOUGHT  
THEM FROM  
THE CROOKS--

WHAT CROOKS?  
NAME THEM!

I CAN'T! THEY  
CAME TO ME  
MASKED--  
STRANGERS!



I HEARD THEM  
CALL THEIR LEADER  
J.H.! THAT'S  
ALL!

HERE,  
WOZZY,  
GRAB HIM!  
I'M ON A  
TRAIL--  
MAYBE!

FINGERPRINTS -- THESE  
WILL BE COVERED  
WITH FINGERPRINTS!  
AND THE F.B.I  
RECORDS

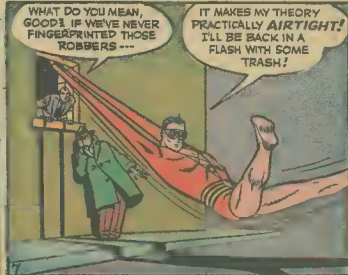


FINGERPRINTS OF SEVERAL  
MEN, YES! BUT THE ONLY  
SET IN OUR FILES IS  
CRADDOCK'S. THE  
REST ARE UNLISTED

GOOD!!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN,  
GOOD? IF WE'VE NEVER  
FINGERPRINTED THOSE  
ROBBERS ---

IT MAKES MY THEORY  
PRACTICALLY AIRTIGHT!  
I'LL BE BACK IN A  
FLASH WITH SOME  
TRASH!





At the town's most powerful broadcasting mike...

WE ARE GLAD TO ALLOW PLASTIC MAN OPPORTUNITY FOR A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT...

AND HERE IT IS, FOLKS!

WE HAVE A LEAD ON THE MYSTERIOUS HORDE OF HEISTERS THAT HAS TERRORIZED THE CITY! EVEN WHERE THEY'LL STRIKE NEXT...

ON THE AIR



BECAUSE IF HE AND HIS PALS ARE GOING TO BE THERE, WE'LL BE AS FAR AWAY AS POSSIBLE --- ROBBING THE EAST SIDE BANK!



--THE WEST SIDE BANK! ALL RIGHT, WE DARE THEM! WE'LL BE READY!

PLASTIC MAN --- IS HE SERIOUS? OR IS IT A GAG? WATCH THAT WEST SIDE BANK, MEN!



THERE GOES WOOLY WINKS, PLASTIC MAN'S PAL --- LIKewise COPS! BUT THAT ROBED FIGURE ---

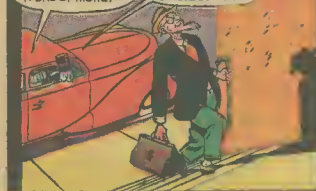
PLASTIC MAN, OF COURSE! HE'S DISGUISED --- BUT WE KNOW HIM!



At the East Side Bank...

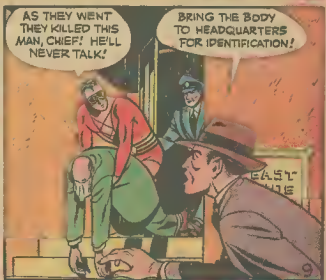
NO SIGN OF SPECIAL GUARDS HERE! ONLY THAT ECCENTRIC OLD DEPOSITOR, WITH A BAG OF MONEY---

QUICK, CALL J.H. AND THE OTHERS! THIS WILL BE OUR BIGGEST AND EASIEST HAUL!



THIS IS A HOLDUP! CUSTOMERS LINE UP AT THE RIGHT. EMPLOYEES AT THE LEFT! EVERY BODY SHELL OUT!







AMAZING! WE'VE POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED THIS ROBBER AS **G. RUFUS MONTDIGGER**—A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN!

THAT'S ANOTHER STEP IN PROVING MY THEORY!

YOUR THEORY IS THAT **BUSINESS MEN** ARE LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE AS ROBBERS? EXPLAIN---

THEY CALL THEIR LEADER **J.H.**—IT'S TYCOON PRACTICE TO NICKNAME EACH OTHER BY INITIALS! THAT WAS MY FIRST HINT!

MORGUE

WHEN WE COULDN'T FIND THEIR FINGER-PRINTS IN OUR FILES, THAT MEANT **NO RECORDS!** INTELLIGENT MEN NEW IN CRIME!

I GET IT! DISHONEST OPERATORS, FIGURING TO CASH IN ON THE FIELD LEFT VACANT BY THE PROFESSIONAL CROOKS WE'VE CLEANED OUT!

BUT YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME **EVERY** THING: YOU HAVE A SUSPECT AND---

ONLY A SUSPECT SO FAR! I HAVE TO MAKE SURE

MAKE SURE! BUT HOW?

HERE'S MY PLAN! LISTEN—

Later...

LAW AND ORDER CLOSES IN FAST ON THOSE CRIMINALS! CRADDOCK, THE FENCE HAS GIVEN VALUABLE INFORMATION—AND IS BEING FREED AS A REWARD!

CONTROL ROOM

THANKS FOR WHAT YOU TOLD US, CRADDOCK! GOODBYE, AND GO STRAIGHT!

I INTEND TO SIR!

FBI  
CHIEF  
BANNER





THIS DOOR OPENS  
ONLY TO A SPECIAL  
SIGNAL!

THAT YOU, J. H.?  
WAIT TILL I  
UNFASTEN THE  
LOCKS!

THIS DOESN'T  
LOOK LIKE A  
REGULAR  
ELEVATOR.

IT  
ISN'T!

IT DOESN'T OPEN INTO  
A REGULAR CORRIDOR  
OF THIS SKYSCRAPER.  
IT COMES OUT IN THE  
REAR ROOM OF  
WHAT APPEARS TO  
BE A BUSINESS  
OFFICE!—

WHICH I  
OPERATE  
AS A BLIND!  
PEOPLE THINK  
I'M A CUNTO  
IMPORTER.

HERE WE ARE!  
QUITE COMFORTABLE!  
BULLET-PROOF,  
SOUND-PROOF,  
POLICE-PROOF!

WHAT  
HAPPENS  
TO ME NOW?  
IF I DIE,  
WHO'LL BE  
THE FENCE  
FOR THE JEWELS  
AND THINGS  
YOU TAKE?

EASILY ANSWERED!  
WHEN THE CRIMINALS  
WERE THINNED OUT,  
WE BOMBED OUR ONLY  
COMPETITORS AND  
ORGANIZED TO TAKE  
OVER ON BIG  
BUSINESS TERMS—  
SPARING ONLY YOU!

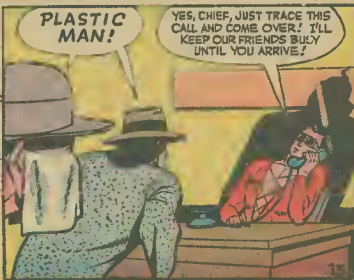
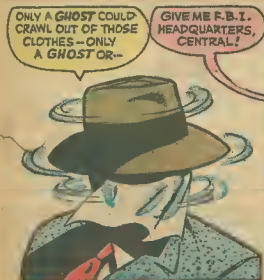
I'VE BEEN  
A FENCE—  
A SUCCESSFUL  
MIDDLE-MAN  
FOR STOLEN  
GOODS—FOR  
YEARS!

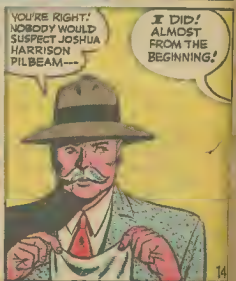
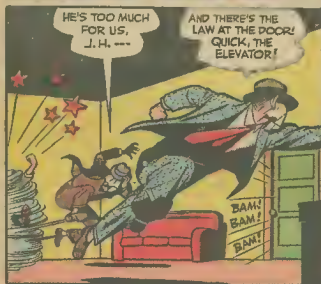
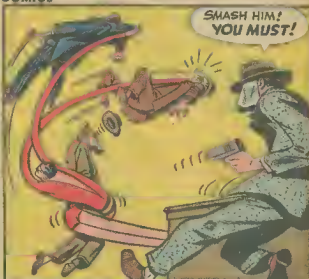
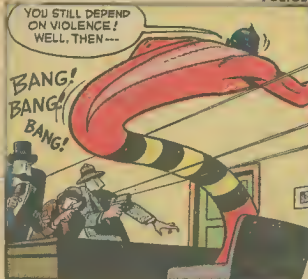
RIGHT! BUT WE'RE  
TAKING THAT OVER,  
TOO! THIS ASSOCIATE  
OF MINE WILL BE  
OUR FENCE!

UNKNOWN TO THE POLICE  
—NATURAL TALENT FOR  
THE BUSINESS— I'LL  
BE SUCCESSFUL FROM  
THE BEGINNING!

BUT WE'VE TALKED  
LONG ENOUGH! TIE  
HIM TO THAT  
CHAIR!

WHAT'S GOING  
TO HAPPEN TO  
ME?

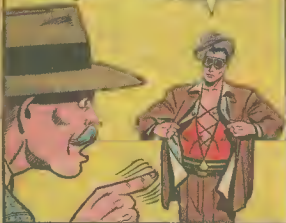






**PLASTIC MAN!**

YES—I TOOK THIS DISGUISE RIGHT OFF ONE OF YOUR MEN!



J. H. STANDS FOR JOSHUA HARRISON! AND YOU WERE SO EMPHATIC ABOUT THAT REWARD YOU EXPECTED NOBODY TO COLLECT!



I'LL SHOOT MYSELF!

NO! I WANT YOU ALIVE! IT WAS BRILLIANT, REALLY TO ROB YOUR **OWN** COMPANY FIRST-- AVERT SUSPICION!



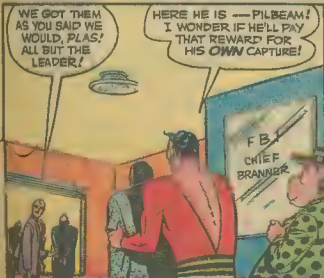
BUSINESS METHODS ARE ALWAYS SUCCESSFUL—WHEN YOU'RE HONEST! BUT THE JAILS ARE FULL OF DISHONEST BUSINESS MEN!

I CAME TO MEET YOU HERE, PLAS—JUST LIKE YOU TOLD ME—



WE GOT THEM AS YOU SAID WE WOULD, PLAS! ALL BUT THE LEADER!

HERE HE IS -- PILBEAM! I WONDER IF HE'LL PAY THAT REWARD FOR HIS **OWN** CAPTURE!

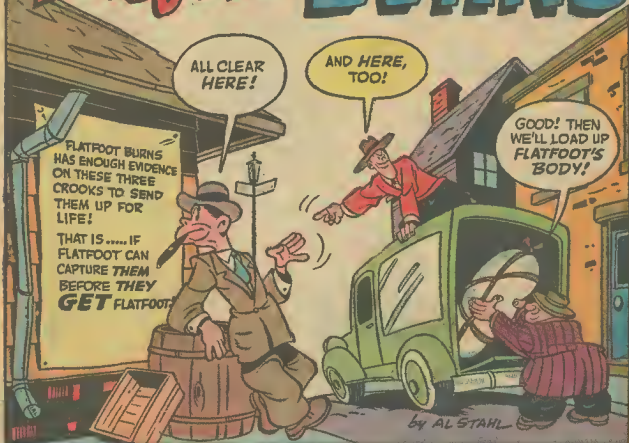


HEY, PLAS! I JUST HEARD THAT A NEW BUNCH OF MASTER CROOKS--PROFESSIONALS--ARE COMING INTO TOWN!

GLAD TO HEAR IT! THEY'LL BE EASY TO HANDLE!



# Flatfoot BURNS



...So the perfect crime is under way!

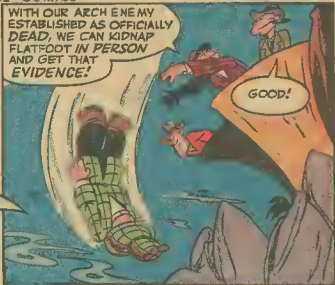


A LIKELY SPOT FOR OUR INGENUOUS DEED, GENTLEMEN! WE'LL DUMP IT HERE!





WITH OUR ARCH ENEMY  
 ESTABLISHED AS OFFICIALLY  
 DEAD, WE CAN KIDNAP  
 FLATFOOT IN PERSON  
 AND GET THAT  
 EVIDENCE!



One mile down the river...



YER, FLATFOOT! TWO KIDS SAW IT  
 FLOATING PAST THE DOCKS! NOPE,  
 NOT IDENTIFIED YET!



I'LL BE RIGHT OVER! SOME  
 GUY PROBABLY COMMITTED  
 SUICIDE TO BEAT THE  
 INCOME TAXES!



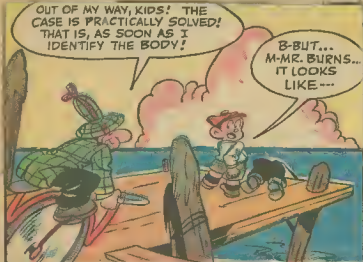
CALL THE SHORE  
 PATROL, CHIEF! WE  
 MIGHT HAVE TO  
 DRAG THE  
 RIVER!





OUT OF MY WAY, KIDS! THE CASE IS PRACTICALLY SOLVED! THAT IS, AS SOON AS I IDENTIFY THE BODY!

B-BUT... M-MR. BURNS... IT LOOKS LIKE---



--YOU!

≧GULP!≦

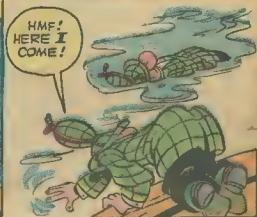


GEE!

TELL THE CHIEF TO MEET ME DOWN THE RIVER!... I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO MY BODY BEFORE IT REACHES THE WATERFALL!



HMF! HERE I COME!



AH! MR. BURNS! LOOKING FOR YOURSELF?

JUST HAND OVER THAT EVIDENCE ... BEFORE YOU JOIN YOUR ANCESTORS!



YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA, GENTLEMEN!

HEY!



THE DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSER!  
... PRETENDING TO BE A DEAD  
BODY! I'LL KILL HIM ... I'LL  
PLUG HIM FULL OF ---

WAIT,  
JOE!

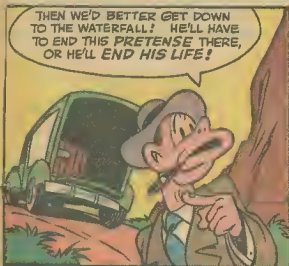


DON'T SHOOT! YOU MIGHT HIT THE  
WRONG GUY... GULP! ... AND IF YOU  
DO HIT FLATFOOT, YOU'LL RUIN THE  
EVIDENCE PAPERS! HMMM!

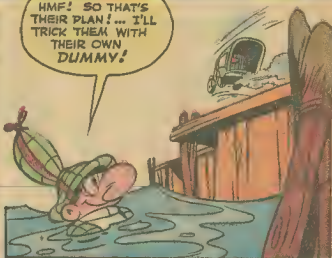
WHAT A  
PREDICAMENT!



THEN WE'D BETTER GET DOWN  
TO THE WATERFALL! HE'LL HAVE  
TO END THIS PRETENSE THERE,  
OR HE'LL END HIS LIFE!



HMF! SO THAT'S  
THEIR PLAN! ... I'LL  
TRICK THEM WITH  
THEIR OWN  
DUMMY!



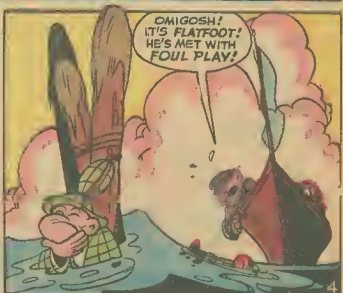
Meanwhile...

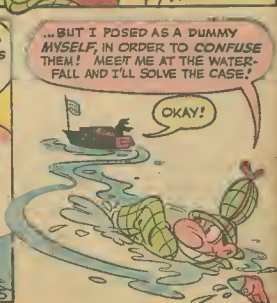
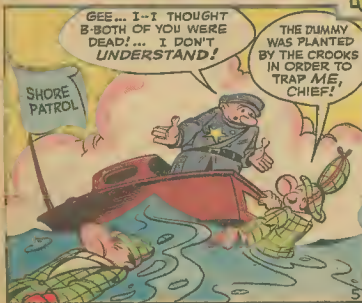
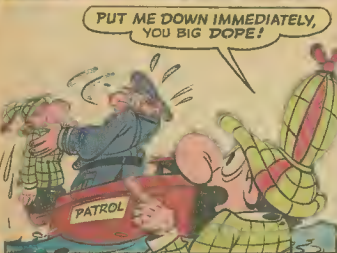
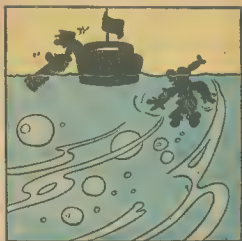
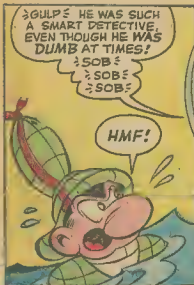
STOP THE MOTOR,  
JOHN! THERE  
IT IS!

SHORE  
PATROL

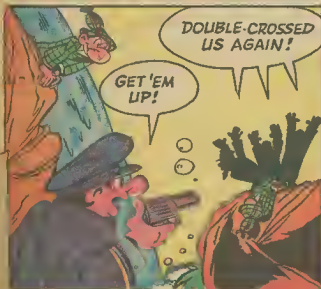
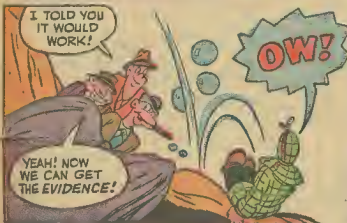


OMIGOSH!  
IT'S FLATFOOT!  
HE'S MET WITH  
FOUL PLAY!







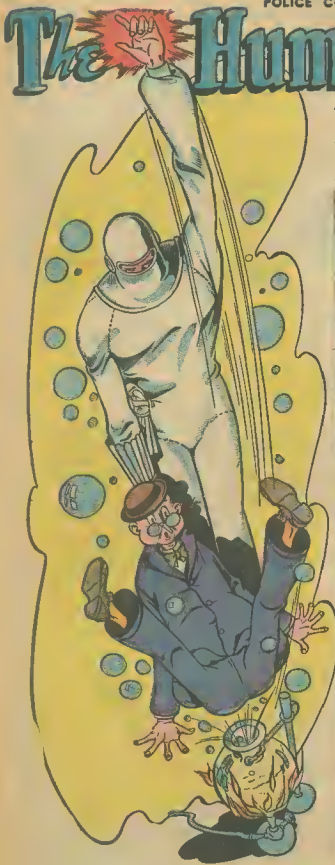
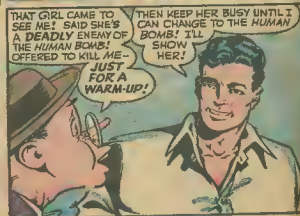
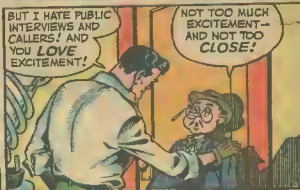
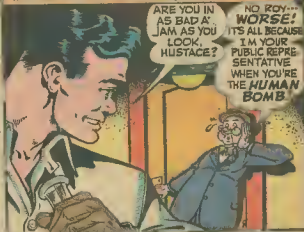


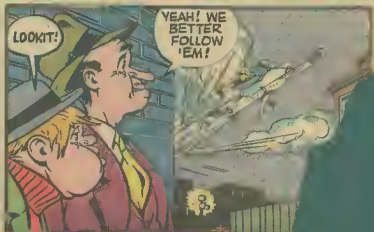
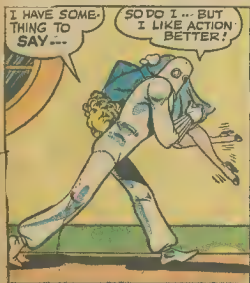
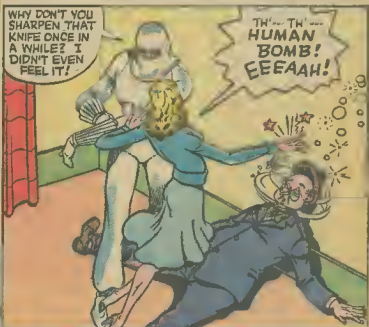
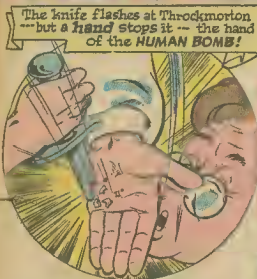
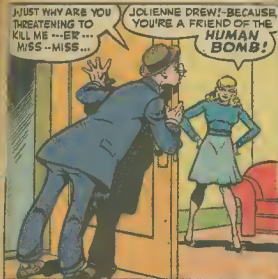
# The Human BOMB

By Paul Gustavson

ROY LINCOLN discovered the power which, injected into his veins, made his knuckles the biggest blasting force in history -- he is the **HUMAN BOMB**! And his partner, Hustace Throckmorton duplicates that power with his fidgety feet!

In the rear room of the laboratory where so much adventure has begun...

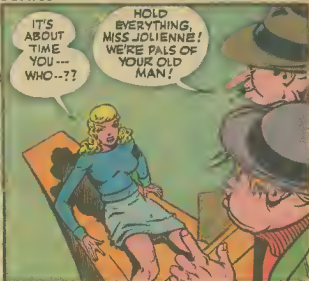




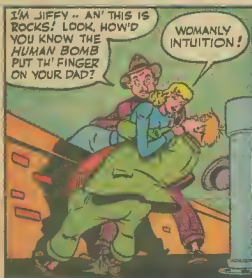


I-I...  
I'LL GET  
YOU FOR  
THIS!

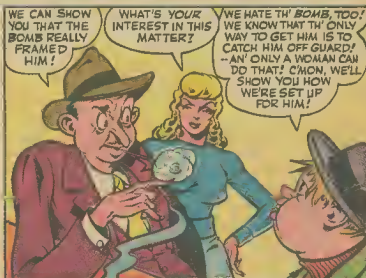
Jolienne  
waits  
and  
waits  
...  
until  
...



HOLD  
EVERYTHING,  
MISS JOLIENNE!  
WE'RE PALS OF  
YOUR OLD  
MAN!

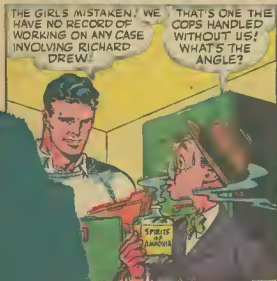


WOMANLY  
INTUITION!

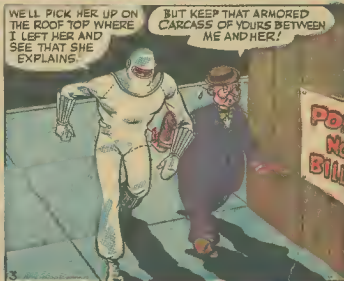


WHAT'S YOUR  
INTEREST IN THIS  
MATTER?

WE HATE TH' BOMB, TOO!  
WE KNOW THAT TH' ONLY  
WAY TO GET HIM IS TO  
CATCH HIM OFF GUARD!  
--AN' ONLY A WOMAN CAN  
DO THAT! C'MON, WE'LL  
SHOW YOU HOW  
WE'RE SET UP  
FOR HIM!



THAT'S ONE THE  
COPS HANDLED  
WITHOUT US!  
WHAT'S THE  
ANGLE?



BUT KEEP THAT ARMORED  
CARCASS OF YOURS BETWEEN  
ME AND HER!

PO  
NO  
BILL



HOLD IT, THROCK!  
SHE'S NOT ON THE  
ROOF! IN FACT,  
SHE LEFT WITH  
TWO MEN!

HOW DO YOU KNOW?  
YOU HAVEN'T EVEN  
LOOKED!

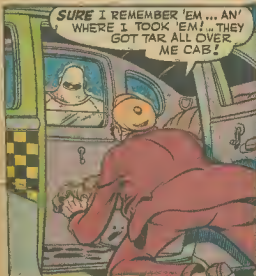


I SAW THE TRACKS!  
FRESH TAR ON THE  
ROOF WILL MAKE  
THEM EASY TO  
TRACE!



NOT SO GOOD!  
THE TRACKS END  
AT THIS HACK  
STAND!

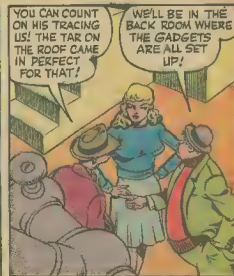
SURE I REMEMBER 'EM... AN'  
WHERE I TOOK 'EM!... THEY  
GOT TAR ALL OVER  
ME CAB!



THAT'S WHERE THEY  
WENT... AN' THEY  
CAN STAY THERE  
FOR MY DOUGH!



YOU CAN COUNT  
ON HIS TRACING  
US! THE TAR ON  
THE ROOF CAME  
IN PERFECT  
FOR THAT!



WE'LL BE IN THE  
BACK ROOM WHERE  
THE GADGETS  
ARE ALL SET  
UP!

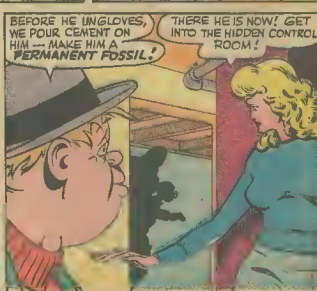
BUT HOW CAN YOU  
TAKE HIM OFF GUARD?  
HIS ARMOR CAN'T BE  
PIERCED... AND HIS  
KNUCKLES ARE  
DYNAMITE!

NOT WITH HIS GLOVES ON!...  
WHEELIE HIM INTO STANDING  
ON THIS TRAP DOOR!...  
SIGNAL US!-WE'LL  
DROP HIM DOWN!



BEFORE HE UNGLOVES,  
WE POUR CEMENT ON  
HIM -- MAKE HIM A  
PERMANENT FOSSIL!

THERE HE IS NOW! GET  
INTO THE HIDDEN CONTROL  
ROOM!

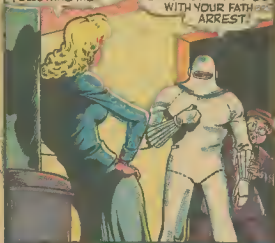


WELL -- I HAD A FEELING  
YOU TWO WOULD BE  
FOLLOWING ME

YOUNG WOMAN  
MY FILES SHOW THAT  
I HAD NOTHING TO DO  
WITH YOUR FATH-  
ARREST.

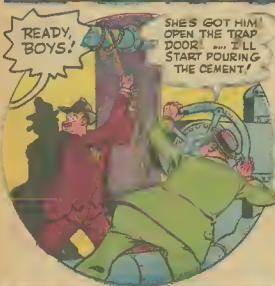
IF YOU THINK HE WAS  
FRAMED, I'LL HELP YOU  
LOOK FOR NEW EVIDENCE!  
PERHAPS WE CAN  
UNCOVER ---

\* DON'T BE SO GENEROUS!...  
NOW THAT I HAVE YOU  
WHERE I WANT  
YOU ---



READY,  
BOYS!

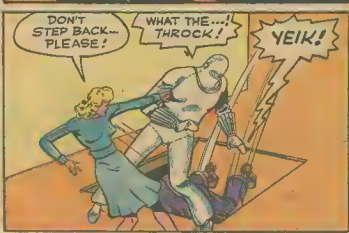
SHE'S GOT HIM!  
OPEN THE TRAP  
DOOR! ... I'LL  
START POURING  
THE CEMENT!



DON'T  
STEP BACK---  
PLEASE!

WHAT THE...!  
THROCK!

YEIK!



GLURP!

HE'LL BE ALL  
RIGHT... GET  
BACK IN THE  
CORNER... JUST  
FOR A SECOND,  
PLEASE!

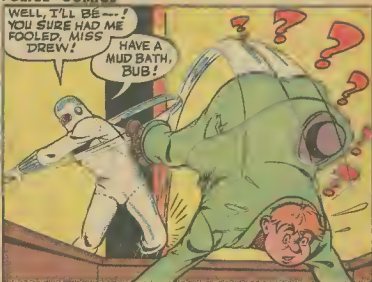
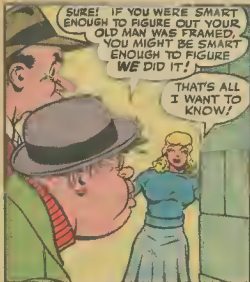
OKAY, I'LL PLAY YOUR  
CRAZY GAME FOR TWO  
SECONDS MORE ...  
BUT THEN ---



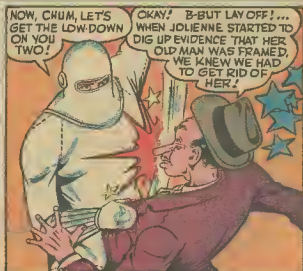
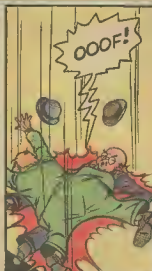
YOU GOT RID OF BOTH OF  
EM! THAT'S SWELL  
SUCKER... 'CAUSE  
YOU'RE NEXT!



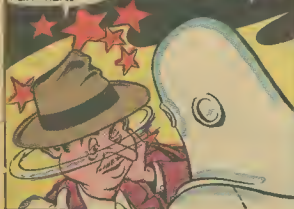
WHAT?



AS ROCKS piles into the cement pit on top of Throckmorton, Throck's Shoe comes off--and --



THEN, WHEN SHE STARTED SNARLING AT YOU WE SAW A PERFECT SET-UP HERE TO GET RID OF YOU BOTH BY PRETENDING TO HELP HER!



I'M SORRY I HAD TO FRIGHTEN YOUR FRIEND AS I DID -- BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET YOU TO FOLLOW ME!

WHO WAS SCARED? HARUMPF! HUMAN BOMB, GET RID...OF THIS THING I... CAPTURED!



WELL!? GET RID OF HIM ... SO I CAN GET UP! ... HUH?



# Dewey Drip

KINDA LIKE A  
CONSTABLE!  
M.P.'S GOT TO  
KEEP THE FRISKY  
SOJERS IN LINE!

SO THEY  
MADE DEWEY  
A M.P. IN  
HONEY-LU-LU!  
WHAT'S A  
M.P.?

OH, BOY! AH NEVUH THOUGHT AH'D REACH  
THIS HIGH --- AH KIN ARREST ANY SOJER  
--- EVEN OFFICERS ---  
IF THEY MISBEHAVES!

AN WHUT'S  
THIS -- A  
WOLF  
GENERAL  
ON THE  
LOOSE?

NOW, SEE  
HERE, HONEY!

BUT I HAVE  
ANOTHER  
DATE, I  
TOLD YOU!

COME HERE,  
YOU LITTLE--!

THEY'LL  
BE ENUF  
OF THEY!

WHY  
YOU--

EASY NOW -- AH BEEN  
TAUGHT HOW TO HANDLE  
YOU GUYS!

JU-JITSU!  
YUP, THEY'S  
WHAT THEY  
CALLS-  
IT!

AN' YUH KIN BREAK  
A MAN'S LAIG AS EASY  
AS PIE! MY, THIS IS  
INTERESTIN'!

YOU LUNATIC! LET  
GO OF MY  
UNCLE!

YO'  
UNCLE?

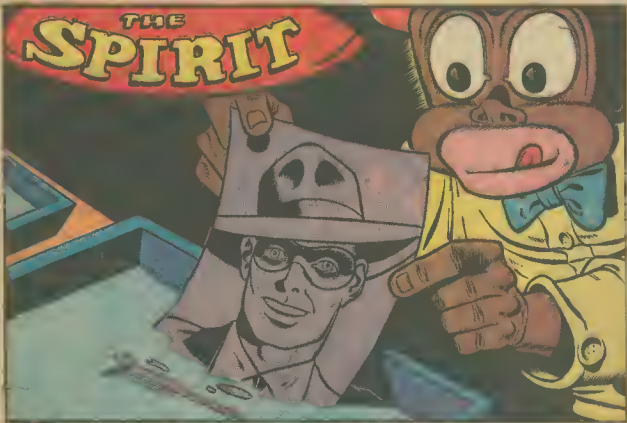
YES, YOU SAP! HE  
WANTED ME TO TAKE  
THAT CANDY TO MY  
AUNT, BUT I HAD A  
DATE I HAD TO  
KEEP RIGHT  
AWAY!

WAIT. THEY  
MUST BE A RULE  
AG'IN' ARRESTIN  
M.P.'S!

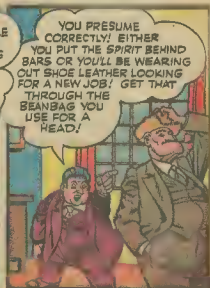
AND ANOTHER  
RULE AGAINST  
BUSTIN FUSSY  
GENERALS'  
LEGS!

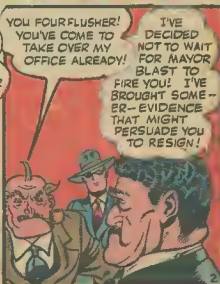
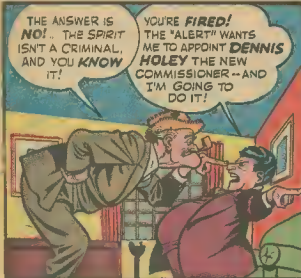


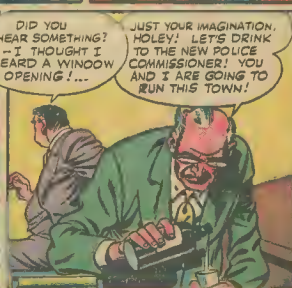
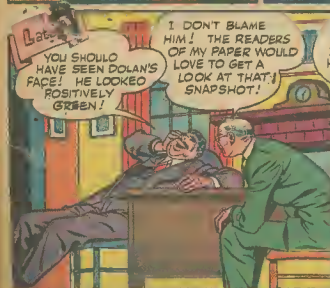
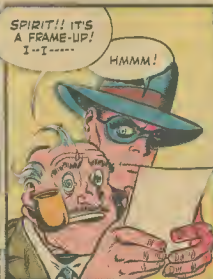
# THE SPIRIT



**O**N this particular day, Mayor Blast kept a tight rein on his temper... but it finally broke loose and began galloping about unshod!...







THAT  
WINDOW  
FRAME  
SQUEAKED.

IT'S LITTLE  
THINGS LIKE THAT  
WINDOW THAT KEEP  
ME FROM TAKING UP  
SECOND STORY WORK  
AS A PROFESSION!

NOW...LET'S SEE! HOLEY  
SAID HE WAS KEEPING THAT  
NEGATIVE! BUT IT'S NOT  
AMONG THESE PAPERS!

THE  
SPIRIT!

HELLO!...  
WHY DON'T  
YOU KNOCK  
BEFORE YOU  
COME IN?

YOU FINALLY  
MADE A SLIP-  
...CALL THE  
POLICE  
JIM.

SURE! BUT  
I'M CALLING  
THE "ALERT"  
FIRST! WHAT  
A SCOOP  
THIS IS!

THE SPIRIT ARRESTED  
FOR HOUSEBREAKING!...  
IF THIS DOESN'T FINISH  
DOLAN AS COMMISSIONER,  
NOTHING WILL!

Later...

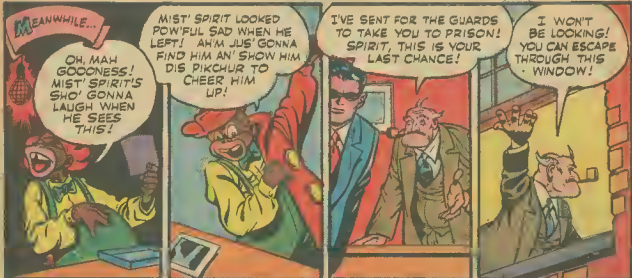
WHY'D YOU  
DO IT, SPIRIT?  
YOU SHOULD'VE LET  
ME FIGHT MY WAY  
OUT OF THIS  
MESS BY  
MYSELF!

WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER  
THROUGH THE GOOD  
DAYS, DOLAN! WE'LL  
TAKE THE BUMPS  
TOGETHER, TOO!

I'LL MAKE A  
DEAL! YOU CAN  
HAVE MY RESIGNATION!  
JUST DROP THE  
CHARGES AGAINST  
THE SPIRIT!

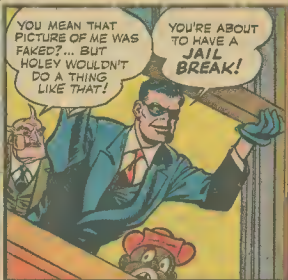
DON'T MAKE ME  
LAUGH! ...WE'VE  
GOT YOU BOTH, THIS  
TIME! ...YOU'RE ALL  
THROUGH, DOLAN!







A DOUBLE EXPOSURE! ... YOU LOOK PRETTY SILLY!



YOU'RE ABOUT TO HAVE A **JAIL BREAK!**



YOU'RE TOO LATE, HOLEY! THE SPIRIT HAS JUST NOW ESCAPED!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH **THIS!**

SEND OUT A  
GENERAL ALARM  
FOR THE SPIRIT!...

THIS WAS  
A DUMB  
MOVE,  
DOLAN!

YOU'LL BE  
ARRESTED FOR  
AIDING A CRIMINAL  
TO ESCAPE! MY  
FIRST ACT AS THE  
NEW POLICE COMMISSIONER  
WILL BE TO PUT YOU  
BEHIND BARS!

COME IN!...  
THE DOOR'S  
UNLOCK-----  
SPIRIT!!

YOU HAVEN'T  
CHANGED A BIT,  
BROADWAY  
LILY!

THE YEARS TREAT  
YOU TENDERLY! HOW  
LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE  
THEY SENT FOXY DAN  
UP THE RIVER?

YOU  
SHOULD  
KNOW!

AH, YES ... IT WAS  
DOLAN AND I WHO  
TRAPPED HIM IN  
YOUR APARTMENT!  
JUST FIVE YEARS  
AGO!

WHAT ARE YOU  
LOOKING FOR?  
GET OUT  
OF HERE!

YOU'VE BEEN SAVING  
THE NEWSPAPER CLIPPING  
OF HOW DOLAN CAPTURED  
FOXY DAN! ... HOW  
THOUGHTFUL ---

--AND THIS PICTURE  
OF YOU, LILY!...  
JUST WHAT  
I NEED ---

PUT  
THAT  
DOWN!

OH, I COULDN'T  
THINK  
OF----

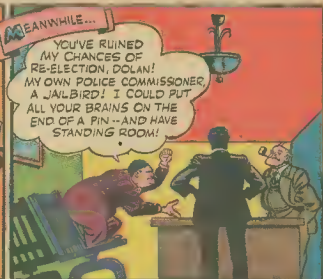
YOU  
ASKED  
FOR  
IT!



I THINK YOU'D  
BETTER COME  
WITH ME,  
LILY!



OH!!



MEANWHILE...

YOU'VE RUINED  
MY CHANCES OF  
RE-ELECTION, DOLAN!  
MY OWN POLICE COMMISSIONER  
A JAILBIRD! I COULD PUT  
ALL YOUR BRAINS ON THE  
END OF A PIN--AND HAVE  
STANDING ROOM!



JUST A MINUTE  
MAYOR  
BLAST!

**SPIRIT!**

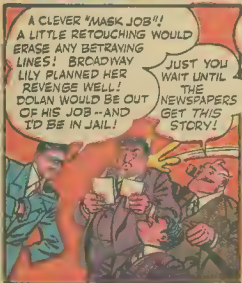


BEFORE YOU DO  
ANYTHING RASH--  
TRY FITTING  
THESE PICTURES  
TOGETHER!

THIS IS  
NO TIME  
TO PLAY  
JIGSAW  
PUZZLES



WELL... I'LL BE--!  
**THEY  
MATCH!**



A CLEVER "MASK JOB"!  
A LITTLE RETOUCHING WOULD  
ERASE ANY BETRAYING  
LINES! BROADWAY  
LILY PLANNED HER  
REVENGE WELL!  
DOLAN WOULD BE OUT  
OF HIS JOB--AND  
I'D BE IN JAIL!

JUST YOU  
WAIT UNTIL  
THE NEWSPAPERS  
GET THIS  
STORY!



YOU'D BETTER  
THANK EBONY!  
THAT DOUBLE  
EXPOSURE  
SHOT GAVE  
ME THE  
IDEA!

WHAT  
WOULD  
YOU LIKE  
AS A REWARD,  
MY LITTLE  
MAN?



ONE MORE  
DOUBLE  
CHOCOLATE!

WITH  
WHIPPED  
CREAM!



# VANISHING DIAMONDS

**INDIA!** Land of intrigue, of vast wealth, of gems and glittering trappings, of despair and poverty. But withal, land of mystery!

I had the excellent good fortune to be included on a party of writers who recently visited India under the auspices of the British Dramatic Society, that very staid body of noble bigwigs who twit the public with virile pens and gull their friends by telling them how they do it.

But the trip I took on that India mission was no matter for twitting or gulling. It was a red-blooded, honest-to-goodness adventure—with horns! Let me tell you about it. And lest you think this is all my story, let me warn you that none other than the great American detective, Dick Mace, figured in a large measure in our adventure. In fact, without his aid . . . but that is getting ahead of our story.

Just for the dickens of it, we traveled from Calcutta to Delhi by bullock cart.

We arrived in Delhi early in the morning, just in time to partake of some thick Indian coffee from stone cups at a tiny sidewalk cafe presided over by a squat Arab with many scars on his face.

Our ultimate destination, of course, was Bombay. Why? Because that is where the natives on occasion seat their fabulous Aga Khan in a giant scale and balance his weight (275 pounds at this writing) in precious metals and diamonds. This was the diamond offering.

Perhaps I'd better explain this strange custom of the Ismaili. For something over 2000 years the natives have given two percent of their savings and earnings for the purpose of buying a fabulous gift for their beloved Khan on certain anniversaries. Don't forget that the poor Aga Khan only receives some-

thing like ten million dollars a year salary and gratuitous offerings! So it is rather odd that his millions of followers deem it necessary to give him his weight in diamonds occasionally.

In gold, the Aga received not so very long ago, (weighing about the same as he does now) something like \$245,000—this amount figured at India's rate of \$60 an ounce instead of the \$35 an ounce price paid in the United States.

In diamonds, pound for pound, the fat Aga Khan tipped the scales at \$125,000,000!

In India, diamonds are a most important form of wealth and that country has huge quantities of the sparkling bits of quartz. Many financial transactions are carried out entirely in diamonds. Debts are paid in them, bets are made and even marriage dowries are often demanded in diamonds.

While the Mohammedan men are sometimes reluctant to put out their savings toward enriching their already vastly wealthy Aga Khan, the women are most devout in their reverence toward the Proprietor of Time and Existence, or the Repository of the Universal Soul, as he is sometimes called. They literally worship the ground he walks upon. They follow after him in the hope of sniffing the air he has breathed, and they pay fancy prices for tiny vials of the water in which he has taken a bath. They insist that their husbands give him the very best.

And so, when Sir Mohammed Moulana Hazar fman Sarkar Sahib Sha Aga Sultan Khan fff slips on a pair of the finest black silk pajamas obtainable and climbs into a seat on one end of the huge scales at Bombay, the diamonds that his followers pour onto the silken cushion on the opposite end are likely to be worth having.

That is exactly what a certain gang of international smugglers

thought at the recent ceremony of the diamond pouring. Few persons, except those rightly supposed to know, surmised that the band of cutthroats were anywhere near India, much less Bombay.

One person knew—Dick Mace. He had been tipped off by the British Intelligence almost at the time the crooks landed at Ceylon, where they hoped to make a round-about trip to the fated city in order to throw off suspicion.

62f,643 carats. That's what the Aga Khan's carcass demanded in pure diamonds. If you figure those carats at only \$200 per, you'll arrive at close to \$f25,000,000. Any wonder that a band of clever crooks were tempted?

But how to steal the precious collection! That is what bothered the leader of the gang, one Silk Morn, of Chicago. Silk had figured out campaigns for stealing everything you can imagine, but this time he was rather at a loss. The Indian police and intelligence were thick as fleas around the entire block where the ceremony was to take place. They were backed up by the British Intelligence, and special police. Dick Mace was, as usual, acting on his own.

I, together with other members of the British Dramatic group, were seated close to the great scales, in a particularly select position. That was British pull.

It was just noon. The sun was high, beating down upon the square which was a-dazzle with gay banners and streamers. A parade of gaily caparisoned elephants and camels shuffled around the square a couple of times, with musicians mounted upon them.

There were religious ceremonies, dances, and snake acts. And of course there were the inevitable fakirs with their rather startling (to Westerners) tricks. And horribly poor, emaciated alms seekers to which we all tossed a few rupees.

Suddenly loud trumpets sounded and the parade halted in its tracks. A page announced His Highness the Aga Khan. The latter rode into the square on a beautiful elephant and was lowered to the ground. He was resplendent in a rich white uniform with vast strands of pearls about fat neck and shoulders.

The ceremony got under way with dispatch. Several Nubian chaps balanced the seat of the great scale while the Aga climbed aboard. His weight swung the seat to the pavement. Then a white elephant came shuffling into the square, with a red-robed Mohammedan mounted upon him. Heavy saddle bags bulged at either side of the beast. He was halted near the scale and the robed figure got off. Slaves lifted the bags down.

Cries went up. And sighs. Women screamed and prayed for their beloved Aga, and crowded close to breathe the air he breathed.

Then the red-robed chap picked up one of the heavy bags and began pouring its sparkling contents onto the silken cushion reposing in the bucket at the opposite end of the scale beam. When it was empty, the Aga still sat on the street. The other began pouring forth its rich contents, and slowly the Great Personage began rising into the air. When he balanced exactly with the diamonds, the second bag was empty. Those bags had been measured correctly.

The Aga Khan got off his seat and bowed low to his friends and followers, who shouted and yelled prayers to Mohammed. Then he

got on his elephant and rode off toward his palace.

The vast diamond basket was lifted into an armored truck, a very modern one, and it went roaring off toward the palace vaults.

It was the same afternoon, hardly a half hour after the armored truck's departure, that the bue and cry went up. The Khan's diamond had vanished! It had not only vanished, but it had melted before the very eyes of the palace vault guards!

The truth came out soon afterward. It seems that the red-robed figure who had ridden the white elephant and emptied the diamonds had been one of the Silk Morn gang. The rightful one had been murdered in his bed, his robes stolen, and a strange substitute made of the diamonds. One of Silk's henchmen had stained his face and hands a deep brown, to resemble a Moslem, and carried off the deception without a hitch. Well, without more than one hitch! Dick Mace had been on the job, even while British Intelligence and special police had been captivated by the ceremony.

Dick, it seems, had done some figuring while the others attempted to see that no harm came to the precious saddle bags. He had left Bombay earlier in the day and was speeding southward when the actual ceremony came off.

It was well that he did. A hundred miles south of the city his car came up behind a large sedan with the back curtain drawn. It was a noble appearing old crate,

of American make, like so many Indian cars. Its occupants were a solemn faced Moslem family on their way to sell a few bags of betel nuts they carried in the tonneau.

Dick pulled up alongside and ordered the driver to stop. The latter was indignant, but acquiesced. Dick, with two provincial officers, searched the betel nut bags, finding in them not nuts but the Aga Khan's diamonds.

No, the Indian family knew nothing of the exchange. They thought the bags contained nuts. But Silk Morn had seen to that. He had made the exchange earlier in the day after learning of the family's destination.

Silk was on the trail of the sedan, too. His fast car skidded to a stop behind the sedan. But Dick and the officers were waiting. They covered the thieves with machine guns and quickly had irons on the four crooks.

Well, the end of the story is funny. You don't know how the red-robed chap could pour out thousands of carats of diamonds and yet Silk have the same amount of sparklers hidden in the innocent Indian's car. I'll tell you: Those diamonds we saw poured out in the square in Bombay were bits of—ice! The ceremony was carried out quickly enough so that no one noticed the ice melting. Not until the guards found only a pool of water on the silken cushion upon reaching the palace vaults.

Clever, what? But not so clever as Dick Mace!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 2, 1933 OF POLICE COMICS published monthly at Buffalo, New York for October 1, 1935.

State of Connecticut }  
County of Fairfield }

I, before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Edward M. Arnold, who, having taken duly sworn testimony to law, honesty and good character, is the publisher of the POLICE COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and circulation of the publication, viz. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 2, 1933, embodied in section 537, Part of Laws and Regulations, relating to the control of this form.

I, the owner and address of the publisher, manager, managing editor, and business manager, and give the names of the owners, viz. Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Loren Patel, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Comic Magazine, Inc., 722 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.

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Edward M. Arnold, Publisher, Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1935.

NOTARY PUBLIC, My commission expires April 1, 1935.

CRASH!

**T**HERE is one place where mysteries end, where law and justice pursue no further... the morgue!

**Manhunter** and his faithful dog, **Thor**, find that there are some crimes which defy death, and mysteries which outwear mortal life!

BANG!

# Manhunter

At night the sleeping city is cloaked in a blanket of silence....

NOT MUCH DOING ON THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THEY SHIFT ME BACK TO REGULAR DUTY

IT IS KIND OF QUIET! BUT THEN IT'S ALWAYS QUIET AROUND HERE! THE DEAD DON'T MAKE MUCH NOISE!

MANY TIMES I WISH THERE WAS MORE EXCITEMENT! BUT I GUESS A MORGUE ATTENDANT'S JOB IS THE DEADDEST IN THE WORLD! HA-HA!

WHAT'S THAT?

BAM!  
BAM!  
BAM!

SHOTS! I MAY BRING BACK A CUSTOMER FOR YOU!

I ALWAYS LIKE COMPANY! PROVIDED THEY COME TO STAY!



YOU WON'T GET ME, COPPERS! ANYBODY WHO COMES AFTER HANDSOME HARRIDAN GETS A LEAD WELCOME!

In a nearby alley...

THE POLICE ARE HAVING TROUBLE! I GUESS THEY WON'T MIND A LITTLE HELP FROM MANHUNTER-- AND THOR!





A super-sonic whistle shrills a sound no human ear can pick up! Then ---

GOOD DOG!  
YOU'RE NEVER  
FAR AWAY!



SO THE  
MANHUNT  
BEGINS!



Moments later ...  
on a roof.

GRRRRRR!



I HEAR  
YOU! I'LL  
BLAST---

YOU'RE LOOKING  
IN THE WRONG  
DIRECTION!



UGH!!

TOO BAD YOU  
DON'T HAVE  
EYES IN THE  
BACK OF YOUR  
HEAD!



HANDSOME  
HARRIDAN--  
THE FAMOUS  
JEWEL THIEF!

I'D BETTER  
SEARCH YOU!





HARRIDAN STOLE A BLACK PEARL WORTH FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! WE KNOW HE HAD IT ON HIM WHEN HE FELL TO HIS DEATH! BUT WE'VE SEARCHED THE WHOLE AREA WITHOUT FINDING IT!

SURELY YOU DON'T THINK THAT I...

HARRIDAN DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO HIDE THE PEARL! UNLESS HIS CORPSE WALKED OFF WITH IT, YOU'RE THE LOGICAL SUSPECT!

RRRING!

HELLO .... THE MORGUE CALLING? GOOD GRIEF! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HE COULDN'T WALK OUT-- OR COULD HE?

HARRIDAN'S CORPSE IS MISSING! I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY RICHARDS! THERE'S ONLY ONE EXPLANATION NOW! HARRIDAN ISN'T AS DEAD AS WE THOUGHT!

HMM, I'D BETTER TALK TO THE MORGUE ATTENDANT!

DID YOU NOTICE ANYONE AROUND JUST BEFORE HARRIDAN DISAPPEARED?

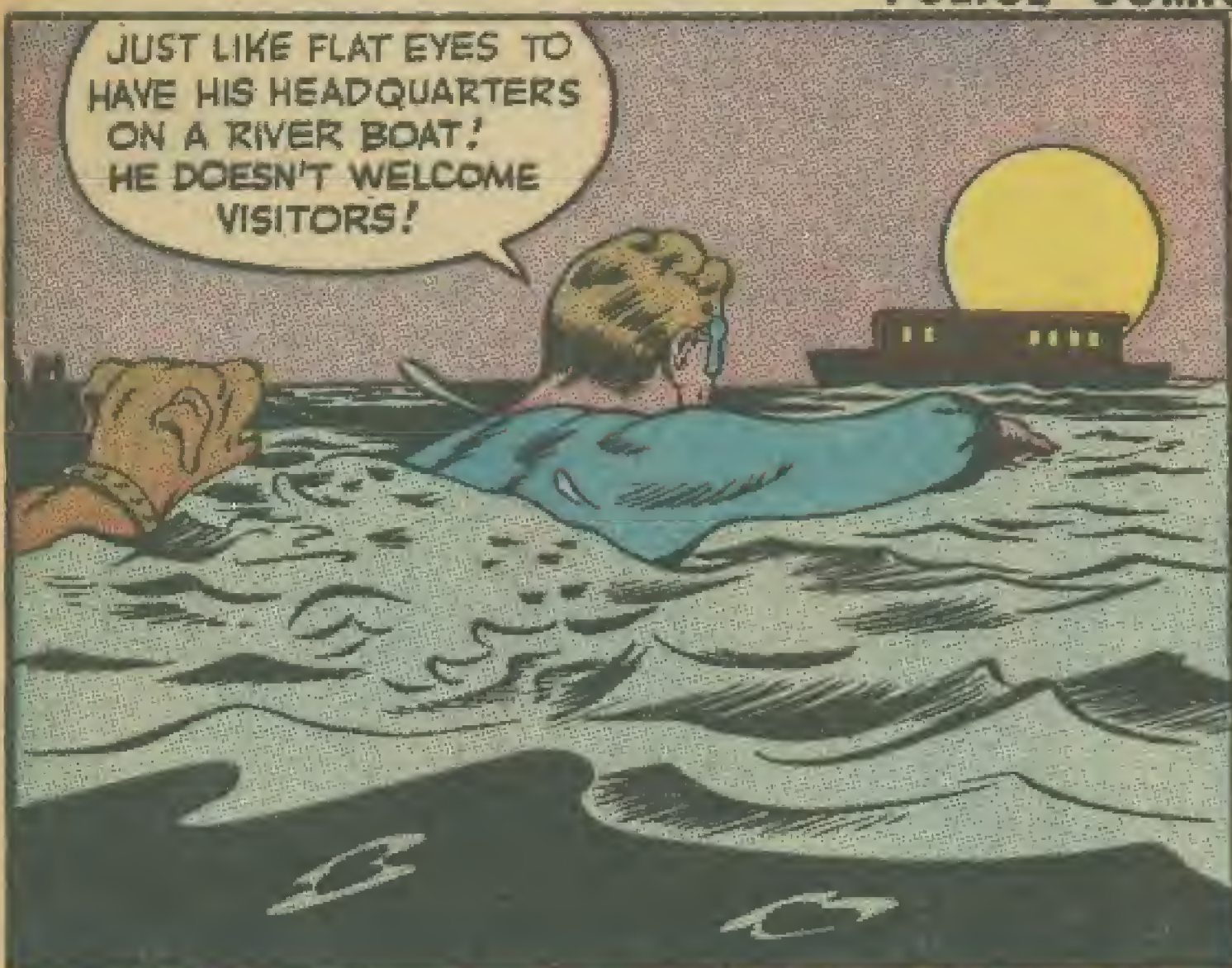
JUST DEAD PEOPLE! HA-HA! --NO! COME TO THINK OF IT, THERE WERE TWO GUYS HANGING AROUND!

ONE GUY HAD EYES STICKING OUT ALMOST LEVEL WITH HIS FOREHEAD! HE LOOKED LIKE A FLOUNDER!

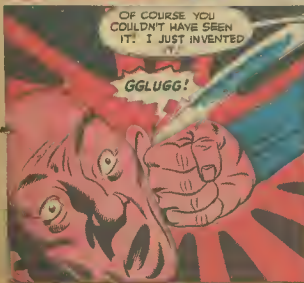
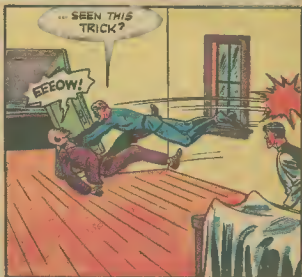
NOT A BAD DESCRIPTION OF FLAT EYES DENGAN! HE USED TO BE HARRIDAN'S CHIEF LIEUTENANT!

THE PIECES OF THIS JIGSAW PUZZLE ARE STARTING TO COME TOGETHER! A VISIT TO FLAT EYES IS IN ORDER! SOMETHING TELLS ME HE'LL BE WILLING TO TALK TO... MANHUNTER!









BEFORE  
YOU USE THE  
SCALPEL, YOU  
SHOULD GIVE  
AN ANESTHETIC!  
LIKE THIS!



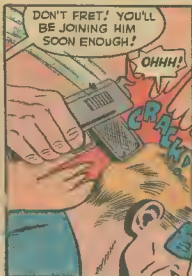
OKAY, HARRIDAN! YOU  
CAN'T PLAY DEAD ANY  
LONGER! COME ON OUT  
OF YOUR WINDING  
SHEET!



WELL, I'LL BE ---!  
HE REALLY  
IS DEAD!



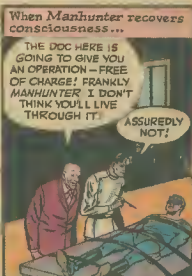
DON'T FRET! YOU'LL  
BE JOINING HIM  
SOON ENOUGH!



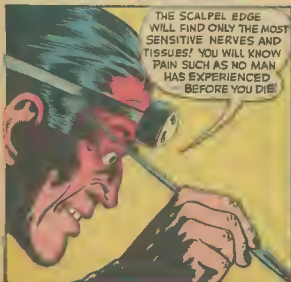
When Manhunter recovers  
consciousness...

THE DOC HERE IS  
GOING TO GIVE YOU  
AN OPERATION - FREE  
OF CHARGE! FRANKLY  
MANHUNTER I DON'T  
THINK YOU'LL LIVE  
THROUGH IT!

ASSUREDLY  
NOT!



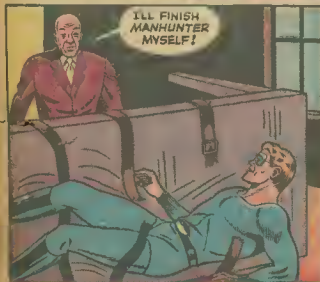
THE SCALPEL EDGE  
WILL FIND ONLY THE MOST  
SENSITIVE NERVES AND  
TISSUES! YOU WILL KNOW  
PAIN SUCH AS NO MAN  
HAS EXPERIENCED  
BEFORE YOU DIE

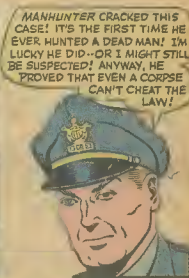
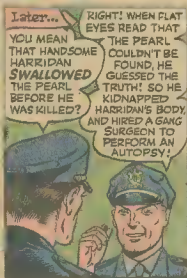


GRRRRR!

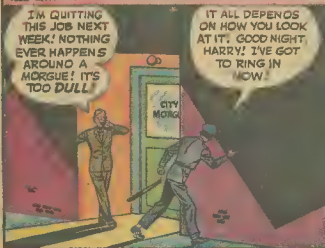
IT'S  
MANHUNTER'S  
DOG!







Once again silence cloaks the sleeping city. And the quiet is more than some nerves can stand!

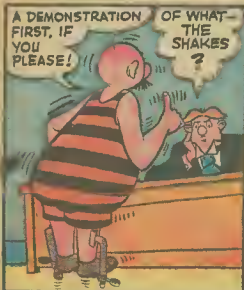
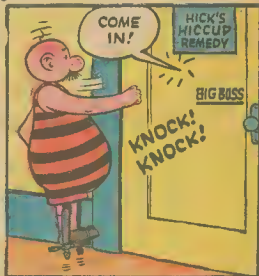




# BURP the TWERP

The SUPER  
SO-AN-SO...

HIYA,  
BRUD!



# CANDY

GOSH, DAD,  
WHAT BUILT  
A FIRE  
UNDER YOU?

T. V. O'CONNOR  
ELECTRICAL  
CONTRACTORS

I'VE GOT  
TO RUSH DOWN  
TO THE LEVER  
CONSTRUCTION  
COMPANY WITH  
THIS BID!  
STICK AROUND!

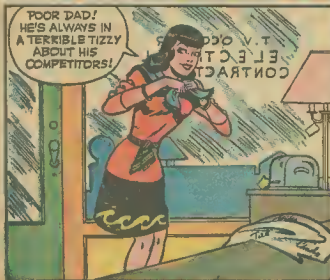


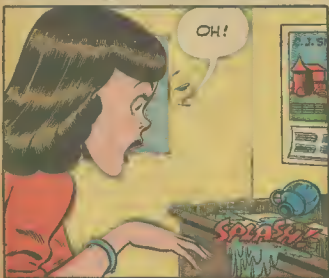
POOR DAD!  
HE'S ALWAYS IN  
A TERRIBLE TIZZY  
ABOUT HIS  
COMPETITORS!

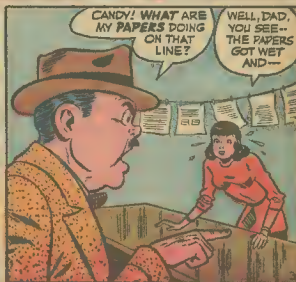
T. V. O'CONNOR  
ELECTRICAL  
CONTRACTORS

WHEW! IT'S  
STUFFY  
IN HERE!

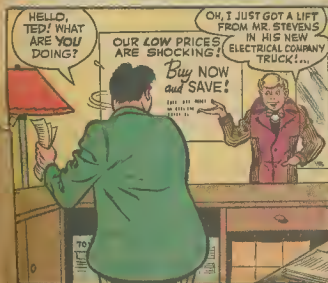
ELECTRICAL  
APPLIANCES

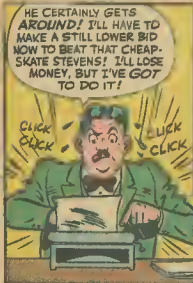






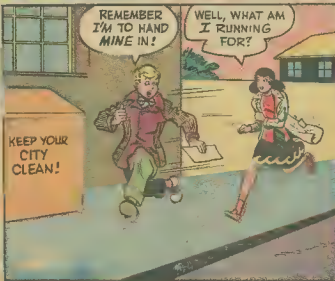
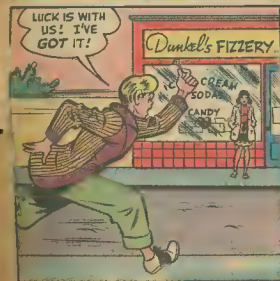
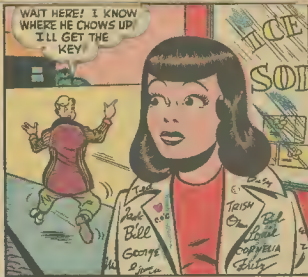
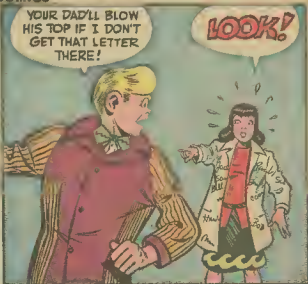






And time swiftly passes...











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